

To W. L. Garrison, from his partner in publishing
the Journal of the Times at Bennington, Vt., in 1828-9.

Ansonia, Conn.,

July 5th, 1866.

My dear Friend

S.S.

You will be not a
a little surprised to hear from your
old partner after so long a time, but
I have not forgotten you, and nothing
would please me more than to hear
from you I often think of the many
pleasant days we spent together in that
unfortunate first undertaking in Ben-
nington, Vt. Almost every time I meet
Mr. Greeley, in N. York, I make inquiries
respecting you and he has usually
been able to inform me where you were
and what you were doing.

About the first of June I came
up from New York to this place, Derby,
now containing two manufacturing villages,
one called Birmingham, the other Ansonia.

bath containing a post-office, a bank,
and a large number of churches and
manufactories. — I was in ill-health
when I came here (now about four weeks
since) but have improved from day to
day, and am in hopes that another month
will give me my usual health. You
probably know that for several years I
have been employed in the New York
Evening Post Job-Office — it is the printing-
office where I feel at home — for the
first time since we parted I have
given out for a season if not altogether.
I am now in my sixty-third year having
been born in 1803 the 24th November,
my mother dying the year following ^{at} ~~leaving~~
the age of 23, leaving me her only child
only six months old. I have passed the
last forty years with scarcely any sickness
and this is the first time my old
machine has given out. That Bennington
affair crippled me so that I never have
been able to make anything more than a living
since that time.

It is now five years since I lost my son, aged 22, and wife, who was paralyzed for three years previous to her death. I have an only daughter living who is married, in New York, and has three children. She married Judson Winterton, now Secretary of the Cameron Coal Company 71 Broadway, N. Y.

When I look back on time it seems but a very short time since you and I were together - it seems like a dream - if you have been prospered in this world's goods as I have been I think you can't have much. I am boarding with the postmaster of this village, Col. George Bristol, at an expense of six dollars a week until I recover my health - You probably recollect lawyer Tham who married Dr. Swift's daughter in Bennington. Tham has an office ⁱⁿ the Evening Post building. He has grown a little gray but is the same old rixpense. He told me he should like to see you very much.

P.S. Cannot you find time
to write me soon as I shall be
here for some time - at present I
cannot tell, but probably a month. I
suppose my old friend and partner
David Clapp, Jr. of the Medical and
Surgical Journal is still alive. I
have not heard anything of him for
some time. I think I shall write
him soon. Did you ever know
Anthony Brown, a brother of Mrs.
Hull - he keeps a drugstore at the
corner of Tenth street and Third ave.
New York.

From your friend,
Henry Hull